

The Arizona Sentinel.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

NEUTRAL IN NOTHING.

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Jul 28 th MIGUEL CONTRERAS.

ROAD STATION RECEIPTS

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That Mohave Mail.

A young man, recently appointed deputy postmaster at Ehrenberg, publishes in the Miner that he wants to "give the lie" to any man who says the mail has not been carried properly between Ehrenberg and Aubrey. April 6, 1877, the Miner published the following, from a Mohave county correspondent:

One of the events of the past week, worthy of mention, was the arrival of a portion of the mail matter which has been accumulating at Ehrenberg for a long time. California and Eastern papers were read with great avidity, for many weeks had passed since our people had been so highly favored. We learn that the mail was brought to Hardyville through the courtesy of the officers of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company. If no other arrangements are made for the transportation of the California mails to this part of the territory, we hope that when the Southern Pacific railroad company assumes control of the steamers on the Colorado, they can be induced to bring us a mail once or twice a month, which will be a decided improvement on the present order of things.

(Keep your seat, Henry!) March 23 the same paper published the following on the same subject:

"the nearest office being Aubrey, where a mail is received semi-occasionally. A letter from Ehrenberg, recently received at this office, states that a large amount of mail matter for Mohave county has accumulated at that place and there remains awaiting transportation.

March 21, the Enterprise suggested that the mail matter for Mohave county which was "accumulated at Ehrenberg should be erected into a monument commemorative" &c.

By searching the files of those papers the irate young man will find many allusions of the same kind and one letter from P. M. Fisher, Esq., postmaster at Ehrenberg, admitting that a large quantity of mail matter had accumulated at his office, owing to the inability of the contractor to remove it as fast as it arrived. April 30 George Tyng, Esq., saw nine barley sacks full of mail matter put aboard the steamboat at Ehrenberg and shipped for Aubrey and Hardyville. California papers, taken out of those very sacks, showed by their dates that they must have been at Ehrenberg from 5 to 15 days. The officers of the boat told Tyng it was a regular thing for them to convey mail matter from Ehrenberg to points in Mohave county, nearly every trip. All this was before our pugnacious young critic was deputy postmaster. Since he was elevated to office, five sacks of accumulated mail have gone by steamer, as he admits. On good information we believe the practice has been of frequent occurrence during the summer.

The SENTINEL has now corrected the abuse to a great extent but will not cease its labors, until that mail is carried properly. Instead of weakly repining, we struck at the right spot. A. Frank was contractor; the post office was in Goldwater's store and so were Frank's headquarters; the inference easy and natural. We appealed to mail agents, until two of them have taken the matter in hand and partly reformed the abuses of the Ehrenberg post office (keep your shirt on, young Henry). Agents Adams and Alexander have promised us to use their best endeavors to secure increased compensation for the contractor, thus placing him above the temptation of defrauding Mohave county of its mail rights. They have also promised to try to secure increased service and such a change in schedule time that mails arriving at Ehren-

berg on Sunday mornings shall not be kept there till the following Thursday morning—five days. Mohave county is getting too populous to longer suffer such abominable inconvenience. In the future that mail must be carried better, or the SENTINEL will have it given to some one who can carry it; and if young Henry Goldwater repeats the old practices of the Ehrenberg office, the SENTINEL will cause a change to be made in postmasters there. By the time our irritable assailant has been a "bloated office holder" as long as we have, his hide will be thicker than now, and he will know more.

MR. WILLIAMS, chief editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, came down here lately (possibly to get "points" from the SENTINEL man) and here is what he says about

THE COLORADO DESERT.

No pen can describe the utter desolation of this region. The valley of the lower Jordan and the shores of the Dead Sea are not more barren. For many miles not a shrub or even a blade of grass is seen—only a howling wilderness of rock and drifting sand. As we approach Indian Wells the country improves slightly. We see in the distance along the base of the foothills, clusters of palm trees; various forms of palm trees peculiar to this valley appear; the mesquite tree relieves the eye by its tufts of green and the sage brush ekes out a sickly existence. From the San Geronimo we gradually descend until two miles west of Indian Wells we reach the level of the sea. From this point for a distance of sixty-one miles we descend farther and further into the depths of this extinct ocean bed, until near Dos Palmas we are 263 feet below the sea level! The line of the road runs for a long distance over the bed of a dried lake. Its beach is well defined; the water marks are as distinct as if but made yesterday. Everything indicates that we are passing over a former ocean bed. We can almost fancy we hear the waves surging against the silent shores, can see noble ships sailing across the trackless waste.

One of the greatest difficulties in the construction and operation of the railroad has been the absence of water. The company have spent a great deal of money in sinking artesian wells, but thus far with indifferent results. At Flowing Wells they struck a fine body of salt water at the depth of about 100 feet, and at Mammoth Tank they have bored 164 feet through the hardest kind of hard pan but, as yet, have not found a drop of water. They propose to continue the work of boring at this point until the question of water or no water is definitely settled. At present over seventy miles of the line has to be supplied with water by water cars. Tanks have been built underground at the various stations along the waterless region. They are lined with brick and have a capacity of several thousand gallons.

There are immense salt deposits in the Colorado desert, the largest having an area, I am told, of 160 square miles. Mud volcanoes also abound. I saw one in full blast. The mud was spouting up through at least twenty holes, in some instances rising in a vertical column several feet high; in others boiling up in a lazy sort of way, very much as I have seen mud boil in a kettle over a slow fire. Below the surface a rumbling noise was heard while through crevices of the ground a noxious vapor arose. Near by was a second volcano, partially extinct, where here and there mud oozed out. On its outer rim lay, side by side, two little birds, dead. They had evidently been attracted by the moisture, had inhaled the fatal gas and been stricken down. There was something pathetic in the fate of the beautiful little creatures, evidently mates, coming to this deadly spot to quench their thirst and perishing thus miserably. These volcanoes are cold. A few miles off are a number of spouting hot springs. A railroad employee who visited them a short time ago broke through the crust into a boiling lake of water and was terribly scalded. The whole region hereabouts is so strongly suggestive of a certain unmentionable bad place that I was glad to get away.

I fear the volcano, reported as having broke loose on the desert some months since, must follow the famous "Ship in the Desert," discovered by the late Colonel Evans, to the limbo of exploded myths. The most diligent search fails to reveal a vestige of it. The railroad people are dis-

inclined to talk of it, and when I asked Superintendent Corring to tell me where I could find it he suddenly changed the subject. Pursuing my inquiries at Yuma I found a degree of incredulity prevailing so discouraging to the pursuit of knowledge in this department of natural science that I abandoned the inquiry. But this whole country is such an abnormalism that I should not be surprised at any bobby the elements might kick up.

One is not oppressed by the abundance of animal life on the desert. Very few birds are seen; horned toads, everything runs to horns down here, are found in abundance; also several varieties of snakes near the wet places. The turtle has his home here and is found, I am told, in large numbers and grows to a very large size. What he lives on and how he quenches his thirst, if he be bibulously inclined, the learned Tu-bans of the S. P. R. R. have been unable to enlighten me.

After the long, hot ride over the desert a sudden view of the Colorado river with its fringe of green and broad, rich bottoms, was a blessed revelation. A few minutes later we were crossing the river over the beautiful bridge that connects California with Arizona, and found ourselves in Yuma. Yuma is a typical Mexican frontier town. Every building in it, with the exception of the railroad and steam navigation warehouse, is adobe, and nearly every building is one story high. The streets are rambling and irregular, commencing nowhere in particular and ending in a bluff or sand dune. In going about one is compelled to wade ankle deep in sand. The only trees one sees are the mesquite and an occasional cottonwood. The patient pavement man has not come along yet, and the sewerage and water questions have not yet begun to disturb the serenity of the town. The population is sufficiently heterogeneous—made up of a few Americans, a sprinkling of Europeans, a great many Greasers and a liberal assortment of Indians. The latter adopt a costume admirably fitted for a hot climate. It is true there is very little of it, but what there is is picturesque to say the least. The squaws wear a loose robe about the waist, leaving the upper and lower parts of the body exposed; while the bucks content themselves with a strip of cloth about the loins and a wisp of calico dangling behind them. Irreverent wags are fond of speaking of the Yuma Indian ladies as being dressed in evening costume, to-wit: swallow tails.

Yuma has the reputation of having the worst—at least the hottest—climate on the continent. Everybody who heard the story of the dead soldier who came back for his blankets, and everybody has come to believe that the place, climatically speaking, is next door to Tophet. I am satisfied from what I have seen and heard that this evil fame is not deserved. For three months in the year Yuma is terrifically hot, there is no disputing the fact. For two or three months more much clothing is a burthen and a weariness; but the fall and winter months are generally not only pleasant but delightful. The days are warm without being sultry, and the nights simply blissful. I found the heat of midday far less oppressive than in the Tulare valley, while the evening was so cool that a wood fire was not uncomfortable. I should say Yuma was one of the best places in the world for persons of weak lungs; and were the hotel accommodations better, I should not hesitate to recommend it for this class of invalids. Pulmonary diseases are unknown here, while I am told by agent of the Steam Navigation Company, who has lived here eight years, that he has never known a case of typhoid or other fever engendered by decaying organic matter. Nor has small pox ever got foothold here. The air is so wonderfully dry that disease germs cannot develop. Perhaps the best indication of its general healthfulness is found in the fact that, with a population of at least one thousand, it supports but one doctor.

I am not in the confidence of the railroad magnates, but the talk at Yuma is that preparations are nearly completed for extending the Southern Pacific two hundred miles into Arizona. The surveys are practically completed, the location determined, the iron purchased and en route and the ties ready to be sent forward. All that is wanted to set the great work in motion is the order from headquarters. It may be issued any day; it may be delayed weeks or months. The road, as I understand it, will follow the right line of the Gila, but some distance from it. There will be no heavy grades and very little bridging.

An exchange holds that the hard times don't make rascals, it only brings them to the surface. Just as a prairie fire does not make wolves and rattlesnakes, but only drives them to the open space.

A Hoosier on Arizona.

The editor of an Indiana paper was out here last fall and writes as follows:

"I want to do a little tardy justice now to Arizona. The Territory has enough drawbacks of her own to answer for without being held responsible for any of California's. A seeker after knowledge may read California newspapers for years and he will never learn that all the southeastern portion of the State is one vast desert. It is called the Great Colorado Desert, and some people have a sort of indistinct idea that it is in Colorado. Others seem to assume that it is a part of Arizona because they have to cross it in going there. It extends from Ehrenberg on the river westward, to the mountains along the coast, a distance of at least 150 miles, and in the other direction not less than 200 miles, and it is all in California. It is the hottest and driest, and sunniest, and barrenest, and deadliest of all the deserts of this arid region. This was the one, a portion of which we had now to cross, going from Ehrenberg to Dos Palmas, another 28 hours pull. It is on the same desert where, at Dos Palmas, the railroad has to dip down 225 feet below the level of the sea, and where the thermometer marks 112 degrees at midnight."

It appears that he also saw Bantrock and other late proprietors of the Enterprise, to-wit:

"Stopping at the postoffice for the change of mails, a burly young fellow presented himself on the platform before the door, and in a rather persuasive voice said:

"Leonard, I'd like to see you a minute; have you time?"

Leonard said "No," somewhat bluntly, I thought.

The burly young fellow took a turn up and down the platform, and said: "Better get out it won't take you but a minute."

The driver was then in his seat, and the burly young fellow knew Leonard had no time. Then just as the driver started his team, he called out in sweet, amiable tones, "I should like to give you a black eye before you leave."

And when the horses were well on the move he used some very unruddy language which will not bear repetition. It was remarkable how exactly the rising of his angry passions corresponded with the preparations for, and the starting of the stage coach. That's the way I came to know Leonard's name. He was a pale, intellectual looking young man, did not seem at all dangerous though he was from Texas, but he had slapped the burly young fellow's face a few days before."

The Eco-doo Stick Again

The San Luis Obispo Tribune of a recent date says:

"Only a few weeks ago we recorded the fact of Dr. Hathaway's finding water at the point and depth indicated by Mr. G. W. Hampton through the use of a forked stick, and now we have to record the fact of the school directors of Mission district having a well dug at a point designated by Mr. Hampton in like manner and finding water within the prescribed distance of 25 feet, it absolutely beginning to pour in at 21 feet. The well is 39 feet from the surface of the ground and has eighteen feet of water." Who among our local savans can explain the theory on which what is known as the witch hazel operates?"

Boys, that stick discovers ore nearly as well as it does water!

The importance of the naval engineer nowadays is illustrated in the case of the new barquette ship Temeraire, of the British navy, which has thirty-four engines on board, exclusive of the powerful pistons and cylinders that propel the ponderous vessel. The capacity of these alone is equal, it is said, to 7,000 horse power. There are also feed engines, steering engines, starting engines and capstan engines; engines to pump with and engines to hoist with; there are even engines to aid in working the guns; to assist in torpedo services, and for turning the magnet machine that gives out the electric light.

Curious Operation.

A novel operation for consumption was lately performed upon Archibald Chatterton, at Campbellton, N. B. His right lung was softened and broken down, with the exception of a small portion at the top. Dr. Balcom, of that town, thinking that he probably could not recover, made a deep incision in the young man's chest, at the lower end of the shoulder blade, and inserted a silver tube, through which he drew a large amount of matter. He afterwards washed out the cavity with disinfectants. The patient was immediately relieved, his strength and appetite increased and he was soon able to leave his bed and walk about. His left lung being comparatively sound, strong hopes are entertained of a prolongation of his life for many years.